

In Memory of
Charles Fowler Baldwin,
Mount Vernon, Ohio.

Received in Al Koran Temple, November 20, 1888.

Passed to the Unseen Temple, October 23, 1896.

"If I must lie asleep with Death at last—
Death, that stern monarch of supreme desire,
Who, when he sees ought that would fain aspire
To better things, sends his swift chilling blast,
And lo, a silence on its hope is cast,
And only embers mark where once was fire—
I pray that fate will build my funeral pyre
Amid some mighty ruin of the Past.
There let me sleep, where, centuries ago,
Was love, and mirth, and kisses sweet as wine,
And blooms whose ashes have a fragrant breath,
For then perchance my soul will commune know
With one who saw the primal sunlight shine,
Before the world had known the cold of Death."